THE WATSONIAN

Vol 1 SEPTEMBER, 1927 No. 8

ISSUED MONTHLY $1.00 A YEAR 15c PER COPY

PUBLISHED BY

The TOM WATSON BOOK COMPANY

THOMSON, GEORGIA

THE WATSONIAN

Entered as second-class matter February 1, 1927, at the post office at Thomson, Ga., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Vol 1 SEPTEMBER, 1927 No. 8

CONTENTS

Frontispiece—Alex. H. Stephens

Life of Thomas E. Watson

A Survey of the World

Muezzin

Some Aftermath of the Civil War

Editorial Notes

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy

An Evening Reverie

A Shameful National Finance

Letters From the People

ISSUED MONTHLY $1.00 PER YEAR 15c PER COPY

PUBLISHED BY

The TOM WATSON BOOK COMPANY

THOMSON, GEORGIA

HON. ALEX. H. STEPHENS

At Home, Liberty Hall, Crawfordville, Georgia

"and it was believed that the negro was the richer of the two". See "Some Aftermath of the Civil War." Page 286

LIFE OF THOS. E. WATSON

By His Grand-Daughter
GEORGIA WATSON LEE

CHAPTER VIII

STEPHENS & WATSON

In 1883 there arose an extraordinary need for an extra session of the General Assembly. The Executive Department issued the following communication to the General Assembly.*

A great calamity befell the state in the death of her illustrious citizen, the Hon Alexander H. Stephens,** while filling the exalted office of Chief Magistrate.

On the fourth day of March last, after an illness of two weeks, the venerable and distinguished statesman, so dear to every Georgia, passed away amidst the sorrowing regret of his people.

Receiving official notification, as President of the Senate, of the sad event from the venerable Secretary of State, I repaired to the Capitol in response to his call, served in conformity to the statute, and on the morning of the 5th of March, as required by law, took the oath of office prescribed by the Constitution for the Governor and administered by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and entered upon the executive responsibilities, as described in paragraph 8, section 1, article 5 of the Constitution which reads as follows:

"In case of the death, resignation or disability of the Governor, the President of the Senate shall exercise the Executive powers of the Government until such disability be removed, or a successor elected and qualified."

---

*Hon. James S. Boynton was President of the Senate at the time of Mr. Stephens' death

**We are inserting here a comprehensive report of the effect on our executive and legislative state departments by the death of Alexander H. Stephens, Georgia's greatest statesman. In doing this we serve a double purpose. First, we give valuable historical information that does not appear in the usual school history used for a text book. In fact some one has said that the best history of a state is found in the biographies of its great men. Second, Mr. Watson was a great admirer of Alex. Stephens and there is ample proof that there was a mutual feeling of esteem and congeniality between these two statesmen who in many respects possessed similar qualities of intellect. Mr. Watson was a frequent visitor at Liberty Hall and there is no doubt that he absorbed much of the principles that made him great from that matchless statesman Alexander H. Stephens. Therefore, when we search for the sources of the wonderful things accomplished by Mr. Watson, we find a part of them in Mr. Stephens. The account given in this chapter gives us a composite word picture of Mr. Stephens. Mr. Watson was a member of the General Assembly that was called into session on account of the passing of Georgia's Chief Magistrate, "Little Alex."

In this issue we have an article by Mr. Watson under the head "Some Aftermath of the Civil War." This article gives additional information concerning Stephens, Toombs, and others so prominent during the Civil War and the reconstruction period. It was during this part of Mr. Watson's life that he was laying a foundation for a historical novel which appeared 20 years later under the title of "Bethany—A story of the Old South."

The same distressing bereavement imposed upon me the duty of ordering an election to fill the remainder of the term of the deceased statesman and governor and of convening the General Assembly to count the votes cast at said election for Governor, and to install into the gubernatorial ofice the duly elected choice of the people.

The law did not even allow the delay until the beloved dead had been laid away in the soil that gave him birth and that he loved so well, but required that immediate action should be taken under section 1301 of the code which orders an election immediately after the President of the Senate assumes his duties as chief executive.

In telling of the election of the Governor, Hon. Henry D. McDaniel of Walton duly elected to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Stephens refers to him as follows:

I trust that it will not be deemed unbecoming in me to express my high estimate of the character and life of the illustrious dead, and my appreciation of the loss to the State and Country. Gov. Stephens, take him all in all, is one of the greatest and brightest figures in Georgia History. Other men may have surpassed him in special domains of thought or action, but no historic character of the commonwealth is more rounded or complete, more varied in intellectual attainments, more thoroughly equipped with more excellence and manly virtue, more noble in heroic fiber, more fitted for exalted trust, or more continuously conspicuous by uniform and lofty achievement. He was a good man—a wise man—a great man. He was a great orator, a great thinker, a great writer, a great philanthropist, a great practical examplar of Christianity. He had genius and yet was profoundly practical. Of the soaring inspiration of his genius, he added the twin powers of a sleepless patience and an untiring laboriousness.

Gov. Stephens was and will be the most national figure we have ever had in the state as affluent as it has been in brilliant and richly endowed men. He has had in addition, a more world wide fame than any other public man of the commonwealth. The magnitude of such a loss can not be well measured. The scope on lessons of Mr. Stephens life is yet to be written. It is full of profound instructions and examples for our young and of exalting glory for our state. It is a life that will grow brighter and stronger with the mellowing influence of time, and in the truthful light of philosophical history.

After a long life of service in various and important public trusts, which he filled with such distinguished ability, he was called by a very large majority to the office of Chief Magistrate of the State. He entered upon the discharge of his duties with a ripe experience and a varied knowledge of the public want, and he inaugurated a wise and conservative policy in his administration, well calculated to advance every interest and industry, to protect the rights and promote the prosperity of the citizens of Georgia. While Providence by its interposition prevented the maturing of the symmetrical and beneficient plans of this conscientious public servant, yet he left sufficient of accom-

plished work behind him to evoke the plaudits of an appreciative people, and entitle him to the gratitude of the commonwealth.

Thus, we have quoted at length from the state's records of the life of Alexander H. Stephens, although, we are writing the life of Mr. Watson, we feel that no apology is necessary for this apparent stepping aside, for Mr. Stephens was Mr. Watson's ideal of a man and a statesman. There are many parallels in the lives of these two great Georgians.

From the memorial addresses, there were none more fervent than Mr. Watson's Here it is.

MR. SPEAKER: Sometime since at Savannah, we were shown the monument which the noble women of the South have erected in memory of its noble men. Upon its summit typical of the sorrow of his people stands the figure of a Confederate soldier, his head bowed and his finger upon his lips.

Sir, we have listened to eulogies by members from every section of the state. I come almost from Mr. Stephens' own fireside, and reverent indeed should be the hands that bring the tribute from his home. For I know that the feelings of his people were best shown, after the manner of the soldier upon the monument, by the finger upon the lips and the tear drop in the eyes.

I shall not attempt any labored eulogy upon him. The one fitness I have for such a task is the love in which I held him. Reared as I was at his feet, taught to honor him from my earliest childhood, the years but deepened my respect and intimacy, my affection. During these ceremonies today I have felt like that friend of the great Webster who followed him to the grave and who, when the soil had covered the form that was so grand to him, turned away and said, "The whole world seems lonesome today."

"The morning yet has its birth,
The rainbow comes and goes.
And lovely is the rose;
But yet I know
Where'er I go
There's a glory passed away from earth."

Upon Southern history there has been no completer character than his. Do we look for truth and honor? No falsehood ever soiled the purity of those proud lips, and through the vices of life he had walked with robes that gathered no stain.

Do we look for heroism? It is brave to combat the prejudices of our own people. He had done so.

It is brave to side with the weak, the oppressed, the friendless. He had done so.

With body frail by nature, and racked by disease, with spirit tortured by poverty, he had dared the frown of fate, and had dashed down the difficulties in his path with as grand a heroism as ever faced a bayonet. Some of the sweetest flowers blossom at night. In the night time of pain and disease no fairer flowers ever bloomed than the patient heroism that bore his own ills and the tender pity that shared the ills of others.

Do we look for charity? When he shall meet his fellowman before the White Throne, out of all earth's hosts there will come no accuser to say: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, ye visited me not."

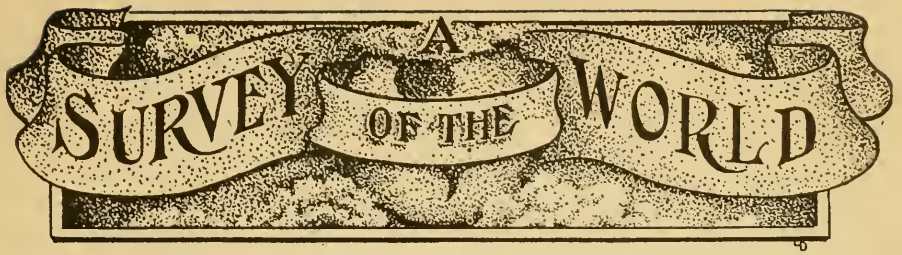
I am glad that time was given him to complete his work. I am sorry for the man who must leave the course ere the race is run. For Mr. Stephens the contest was over. He had gone out in the serried ranks of life; he had borne him like a true knight, without fear and without reproach. But the struggle had been finished. The Great Commander had sounded the recall, and he was on his return with the laurel upon his brow, the olive leaf in his hand, victory upon his head and peace in his heart. He had gone out into the grain fields of life. He had reaped in the freshness of morning, in the heat of midday, and amid the slanting rays of the afternoon; but as evening came on the old man's hands had grown feeble and tired, and he was coming home, his arms full of golden sheaves. The Master, coming, found him ready, his house in order. Never was the silver cord more gently loosed. Never was the golden bowl more softly broken. He fell on sleep like a child weary and worn. Great Nature, the common mother, holds him tenderly to her bosom. When he shall awaken, it is inspiring to believe that he shall greet the morning of a land where there is no night, where the skies are undimmed by a cloud, where the feet bleed upon no pathway of stones and the head wears no crown of thorns.

AN EVENING REVERIE

———O———

In the shadows of the Evening,
When the Sun has sunken low---
  And the Twilight gathers round me
  With its Soft and Mellow Glow;
Then, I love to sit and Ponder,
O'er the Grandeures--Great--Sublime--
  O'er the Realms of God and Spirit--
  O'er the Things of Life and Time;
For 'tis Then the Spirit Speaketh--
In the Hush and Still of Eve--
  When the Melodies of Heaven
  Have Replaced the Things that Grieve:
Then, I love to sit and Listen
To the Harmonies Divine--
  When the Shadows fall at Even--
  When the Hour, then, is Mine!

—A READER.



THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD of man as the end of all endeavor will not necessarily be accomplished under the direction of the white race according to what many who discuss this question are inclined to believe. This position is not such an untenable one when we notice the tendency towards race suicide of the white race and the rapid increase of the other races.

George Winter Mitchell in the current number of The North American Review sounds a prophetic note in an article the object of which is "to point out the probable course which history will take in the centuries to come" In the review of the theories held by students of this question, he calls attention to that oldest of all theories: namely, that whatsoever the gods foreordained to come to pass, must and did come to pass. This theory would make the whites the chosen people of the gods and therefore the dominant race. Another theory would make such personages as Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon the main agencies in determining the dominant race. After discussing this question at some length he says: "The qualities and capacities acquired in the hunting stage must be indelibly fixed in our nature, and it is therefore in this stage of our development we are most likely to find the key to the subsequent behaviour of our species. The qualities and capacities are the spirit of aggressiveness, the impulse to roam abroad, the absolute disregard of life even of our species, if the taking of it is of any advantage. This is the spirit which is the prime cause of history."

Mr. Mitchell sums up his article with the following paragraphs:

In modern times the same qualities are seen applied to the arts of peace. The leaders of our Western civilization have pledged themselves to unification through a league of nations, and the democratization of the world is the dream of many. The white races will doubtless accomplish this end for themselves in the fullness of time, but the yellow, brown and black races have made no such pledge and democracy is not yet a gospel with them. Before the brotherhood of man can become

a reality, these "inferior" races must have their day.

The yellow races, at first under the hegemony of Japan and later under the leadership of the Chinese, will overrun Europe. These nations are fast learning all the military and industrial methods of the West, and in time will beat the whites at their own game. Even if the future should see a universal disarmament, it can only be a question of time until the Mongoloids have established themselves all over Europe by means of peaceful penetration. Already the yellow race almost equals in number all the branches of the white races combined, and at the rate at which they will breed under favorable conditions they will, in a century or two, outnumber the whites by many millions. In time, then, Europe will be overrun. Europeans who have not been exterminated will for the most part flee to America. Those who remain will be bred out, for the older race is always prepotent and dominant when it comes to a matter of breeding. The last stand of the whites will be made in the Americas, but it will be only a last stand, for the yellow races will then have them in the jaws of a vise.

In the mean time the brown races, whose education in the arts of the whites is already under way, will begin in their turn to make history on a grander scale than they have yet attempted. For many years they have been moving into Africa and have proved themselves highly successful, not only in proselytizing the blacks, but in amalgamating with them. Unlike the whites who are willing to admit the blacks into heaven but not into their families, the browns have no repugnance to intermarriage, and in course of time a real fusion will take place. By the time this fusion is complete, the yellow races in Europe and the Americas will have gone through the same process as the whites, who will then be no longer in existence. Democracy, pacifism, and race suicide will have placed them in their turn at the mercy of the brown-black race, for even now the brown and the black races equal the yellows in number. The subjugation of the yellow race will then proceed in the same manner as the yellow race overcame the white. And these dark races have already arrived at a race consciousness and are forming world-wide leagues. So slow will the process be that the brown-black race, gradually changing both in color and other physical characteristics, will have time to adjust itself to northern climatic conditions, and the whole world will finally be of one race and one color. Then at length man's ob-

session for unity will be satisfied, for differences in race, language, institutions and laws will no longer exist. Then and not till then can there be a universal brotherhood of man and a lasting peace.

* * *

TWO REPORTS ON ELECTROCUTION. The following is a description of an electrocution at Sing Sing by Will Durant in the Pathfinder:

A Visit to the Death House at Sing Sing. Come, let us go to Sing Sing. An execution is scheduled there today.

Seats are provided for us. We sit in nervous silence looking at the chair. The light is dim, but every relevant detail is visible.

It is a clumsy mechanism, this final chapter of so many adventurous lives. Thick arms and legs, and solid seat, and everywhere straps and fastenings to make it all inescapably secure. And wires that lead mysteriously from the chair into a room that we cannot see.

There is a little delay, and we grow impatient; but all in all the condemned man keeps with reasonable promptness his rendezvous with death. The chaplain comes first, praying God to have pity where society had none. The prisoner hardly walks in; he is lifted along by strong men on either arm. He is trembling from head to foot, moaning and praying; and when they let him speak he begs wildly for mercy. But they close his mouth, and force him into the chair.

He struggles, but he has been weakened by days of anticipation and nights of sleeplessness; there is little of him left to die. They strap him down, body and head and limbs, and adjust the wires that shall bring the great emancipator, electricity, to freeze his blood in death. To the last moment he strains at his bonds, and strives to speak. His face writhes with suffering and horror.

The attendants step carefully aside.

Suddenly the imprisoned body plunges forward as if catapulted into the air; all its muscles are strained to their utmost, and every drop of agitated blood rushes to strengthen them; surely those bonds will snap, and this man will leap upon us.

Then the noise of the current is stilled, the body relaxes, the blue swollen face falls loosely into a horrible repose. A doctor bends over him for a moment, and reports that the heart is beating faintly, and that there is a slight twitching of the lips.

The current is turned on again. Again the body lurches forward, and the face bulges as if it would burst, and every muscle is stretched taut. A long while the mystic fluid burns its way thru blood and brain; for this time the man must be irrevocably killed. Then once more the current dies away and the law has taken a life for a life, and society is revenged.

Outside are relatives waiting to claim the body.—Will Durant.

The Georgia Legislature was recently in session. A committee from this body of lawmakers, as is usually the custom made a visit to the central State Penitentiary, located on the State Farm near Milledgeville. They happened to be there on a day when an electrocution was scheduled. One of the visitors from the legislature, being duly deputized to assist in the electrocution described it to the writer as follows:

"When the current was turned on 2200 volts strong the criminal's head and shoulders were thrown backward suddenly, but with, apparently, no very great force, this shock was made less severe by the false back of the chair rebounding as its designer intended. The hands quivered and revolved about a quarter of a revolution, as if they were moved by twisting power being given to the forearm at the elbow joint. The full current was soon reduced and in less than two minutes, estimated, was shut off entirely. The hands lost their tension and fell limp, governed only by the law of gravity and its limitations by the chair straps. An examination by the attending physician, another passing of the current through the body for a few moments, followed by a second examination of the official physician ended this act of the State of Georgia in meting out punishment of a convicted criminal". As we see it, there was nothing in the whole incident but the carrying out of a divine edict given in the Old Testament which plainly says "an eye for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth," and which Jesus Christ himself said, "I have not come to destroy the law but to fulfil it." Therefore, I desire to close, not by saying as Will Durant did, "society is revenged," but to use a different word and say "society is avenged." In commenting further, the member of the committee witnessing the execution said, "I believe it was entirely without any kind of conscious pain as there was no sound of any outcry from the chair. It is much more humane than hanging by the neck till dead."

Below is a statement of the methods employed by our states in dealing with convicted criminals calling for the limit of the law.

Thirty-nine states, the District of Columbia and federal statutes still retain capital punishment. Seventeen states—Arkansas, Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont and Virginia, and the District of Columbia have the electric chair. Twenty-one states use the noose: Alabama, Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Oregon, Texas, West Virginia and Wyoming. Nevada and Utah now execute with lethel gas. In Utah the condemned can choose between gas, hanging or the firing squad.

* * *

A UNIVERSAL HABIT. The following anonymous poem clipped from The Pathfinder, Washington, is unique and has some good philosophy in it:

People Will Talk

You may get through the world but
'twill be very slow
If you listen to all that is said as you
go;

You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—
And people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed.
That your humble position is only assumed.
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool;
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited, and vain,
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress and old-fashioned your hat—
Someone will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If your dress is in fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape—
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made—
For people will talk.

HOW STARS PRODUCE HEAT

is discussed by the Secretary of the Royal Society of London, Dr. J. H. Jeans, as follows:

The secretary of the Royal Society of London, Dr. J. H. Jeans, says: "a star is in effect but a huge X-ray apparatus." He believes the interior of a star is hotter and heavier than the exterior. According to his theory, heat in the stars is produced in the following manner: "Throughout a star"s interior, electrons and protons must at intervals fall into one another and mutually destroy one another, the energy of their fall being set free as radiation. Each proton or atom, as it is annihilated, makes a splash of radiant energy which passes through the star until, after innumerable absorptions and re-emissions, it reaches the star's surface and wanders off into space."

The sun has a temperature of only about 6000 deg. at its surface. This temperature can be attained in a laboratory. In the core of the sun, however, the temperature rises to something like 70,000,000 deg. It is supposed that the dog-star, Sirius, is twice as hot as the sun. Scientists believe that all matter consists of electrons and protons, negative and positive charges of electricity. They are in equal numbers and when they come together, says Dr. Jeans, the opposite charges are neutralized and annihilated. The scientist continues: "Whereas the ordinary combustion of a ton of coal provides energy enough to drive a locomotive for an hour, the annihilation of a ton of coal would provide enough energy for all the heating, lighting, power and transport in Great Britain for a century."

MUEZZIN

(Reprinted from Watson's Jeffersonian)

The plum blossoms hang like a mist in the air,
And the southwind blows all day
Thro' the purple of peach and the white of pear,
Down the world-old trails the call to prayer;
And the sweet young pilgrim-wild-flowers fare,
Afoot, to the Mecca of May.

From the depths of the woods and the crest of the hills,
The waftures of young pine come:
The piping of birds thro' the twilight thrills:
All the white, moon-flooded night-time fills
With the lonely cry of the whipporwills
And the scent of the wild field-plum.

The winds are a whisper all day long:
And the woods are brown with burrs:
Perched there on a tangled bamboo throng,
A mocker pours out his heart in song:
For his little mate in the scuppernong
Is building his nest and her's.

"Allah il Allah", the Southwind sets
His lips to the silver reeds:
"Allah il Allah" he clarionets
From the turrets of tall tree-minarets:
The centuried oaks and the violets,
The forests and nurseling seeds.

The Royal Palms of the Caliphate,
And the beggar-blooms, as one,
"Allah il Allah" they answer straight:
Their faces set to the temple gate.
Where the Flower-Faithful kneel prostrate
With foreheads toward the sun.

SOME AFTERMATH OF THE CIVIL WAR

by

THOMAS E. WATSON

ED. NOTE:—The following which gives some account of the conditions following the civil war was written to form the conclusion of Mr. Watson's book "Bethany". For reasons not worth mentioning, it was omitted. The first installment was carried in "The Watsonian" for March, the second now follows, the third and concluding will be in the October number. Please note that the narrative is written in first person, this person being a Mr. Horton. This having been the name assumed by Mr. Watson in "Bethany" and continues here.

There was a great gathering of politicians in Atlanta. The Kimball House corridors and rotunda were thronged. Up and down the marble stairway, hurried feet came and went.

Alec. Stephens was going to run for Governor. He had been sent back to Congress, after the war, and had been industrious and effective in departments; but his feeble condition rendered him powerless on the floor of the House. A pale, pathetic figure, propped in his roller-chair, he had been treated with indulgence so long as he was obstructing nobody, but the moment he tried to stop the progress of the majority on the then famous Potter Resolution, he was howled down.

It suited the Georgia politicians, for certain reasons, to run the old statesman for Governor in 1882, and he was now at the Kimball House, in one of the large parlors on the second floor, receiving a constant stream of visitors.

He had written a constitutional history of the "War Between the States," which earned him nearly fifty thousand dollars; and he had spent the money educating young men, and in running a daily newspaper in the vain effort to teach latter-day Democrats what Jeffersonian Democracy was. The old statesman was wan as a ghost; his pallid, shrivelled face spotted with unwholesome dark splotches. But his expression was beautifully benevolent, and his eyes were radiant with the tenderness of a noble heart.

After a long career of labor and opportunity, he was poor. He owned a house and lot in a country town; that was all. Old Harry, his body-servant owned a house and lot beside his former master's; and it was believed that the negro was the richer of the two.

Grand old Statesman! His mind had been a mountainpeak in loftiness; his spotless purity of character tipped it with snow.

Not far from the Kimball House, at his lovely home on Peachtree street, languished the great Ben Hill,—a cancer eating his life away.

He had been sent to Congress, had bounded into national fame as a debater, had measured strength with Carpenter and Conkling and Blaine. He had joined issue with the Plumed Knight on the question of the Andersonville horrors, and thrilled the South with the pride of his triumph.

Not until he had taken his seat in Congress had any Southern representative dared to "talk back." Ben Hill did it, and did it so grandly that a new life entered into Southern politics.

But his eloquent tongue was stilled at last. Never again would he plead the cause of his people at the bar of public opinion; or rebuke in National councils the partisans who would keep burning forever the fires of sectional hate. I was present and heard Mr. Stephens dictate the last message that ever passed between himself and his ancient foe. The shadow of death, the white face of the dying orator, was a flag of truce: and in the late hour of the evening of life these two mastermen of the South were forgetting the bitter animosities of the past.

General Toombs was on hand. He had made his escape to Europe after the war, and had remained abroad several years. He had returned at length, and had resumed the practice of law—making enormous fees. He had led an attack on the Railroads which were dodging their taxes, and had fought the cases through to the highest courts —succeeding all along the line. He had put a fee of forty-five thousand dollars into his own pocket, and a yearly revenue of about two hundred thousand dollars into the State's coffers.

He had sued the Treasurer of Georgia, a life-long Democrat, and had recovered, in spite of Ben Hill, a large sum to the State; for the officer had negligently kept his accounts and paid State obligations twice.

At the instance of Toombs, a State Constitutional Convention had been called, to pay the expenses of which he had advanced, as a loan, twenty-five thousand dollars. He had dominated it; and had so written the law that it seemed to the people that the public revenues would be forever safe, and Railroad monopoly and extortion made impossible. It was not his fault that the law, in both instances, has been thrust aside, and that money is constantly being taken, illegally, out of the treasury, while the Railway Combination bosses the State and its absurd Railroad Commission.

If there be anything on earth more farcical than a State Commission to control the railway corporations, it is the National Commission salaried and sworn to do the same thing.

A disappointed man, Toombs drank heavily, was often drunk, and his habit was to denounce pretty much everything and everybody.

Politically, he no longer counted for anything. But he was rich, stood at the head of the bar, was more or less feared because of his terrible tongue, and held in a respect which was reminiscent of his past glory and his tried loyalty to the South.

Wherever Toombs passed, curious eyes would follow him; wherever he stopped a group would gather to hear him talk. Nobody pinned faith to what he said; nobody altered his course a jot because of any opinion he expressed, but everybody delighted to see him and to hear him talk. It was like going to see Vesuvius in eruption.

I saw General Toombs rise slowly and heavily from one of the tables in the dining room, and come into the corridor leading to the elevator. He leaned upon a gold-headed cane, and walked with a stoop. Two country delegates, coming from Mr. Stephens' room, recognized the General; and over their rough faces spread an expression of joy and pride. One of them cried to the other:

"See here, Sam! this is Toombs—old Toombs!"—using the word old as a term of endearment.

Toombs had drunk just enough wine to be quarrelsome. The lion was in no mood to be fondled. To the confusion of the honest country men, who stood before him bowing and smiling, he roared;

"Don't call me old, sir! By God, Sir. It's an offensive term! Get out of my way!" And with a flourish of his cane, he strode majestically to the elevator.

Late that evening he was down in the bar-room, back of the clerk's desk. He had had his after-dinner nap; the fumes of the wine no longer dulled his brain or ruffled his temper. He was in high good humor, was talking in a rapid, high voice,, and was surrounded by a group of eager listeners.

His eyes were as bright as ever, his play of wit and invective as keen, the flexibility of his lips and the animation of his manner as great. His hair was iron-gray, abundant, disordered, like the mane of a lion, but as becoming to him as in his prime. Decidedly, he was the most leonine old man I ever beheld. He was a ruin, but majestic and impressive. No matter how much you might revolt in judgment at what he said, he carried you with him for the moment. There was a power in him which made him royal on the curbstone, or in the

bar-room, just as it had done in court-house and legislative hall.

As I grew near the noisy group where the old General was holding forth, in his wildest way, I caught the words:

"Well, boys, Henry Ward Beecher almost broke his heart over the morals of the South, and now, by God! he has taken Theodore Tilton's wife away from him!"

Toombs laughed boisterously, and there was a regular roar all around. "Poor Tilton!" exclaimed one.

"Poor hell!" retorted the General. "I've got no more pity for Tilton than I have for Beecher. Tilton was an Abolitionist lecturer, too, and was just as fanatical about the South as Beecher was. Those two humbugs worked in harness together to bring on the Civil War, and now at this late day the preacher has to debauch his friend's wife. Nice fellows to go crusading on morals! Perhaps they did it on the idea that they were certain of their sins and damned doubtful of their salvation!"

Shouts of loud laughter of course.

"I wonder if old Thad Stevens lives with that nigger wife of his yet?" continued Toombs.

"You know there are two good reasons why he wants revenge on the South. One is that Gen. P. M. B. Young's cavalry destroyed his foundry at Gettysburg; and the other is, that he loves his negro concubine better than he ever loved a white woman."

Another volley of "Haw, Haw, Haws."

The General rattled on, "Yes, and I see that Cash Clay (Cassius M. Clay) of Kentucky has shot a nigger! By God! I knew he would!" It seemed to tickle Toombs immensely that this noted Abolitionist and professional champion of the negro race had wound up by having to shoot one of his pets.

"By God! I wish that every d—d Yankee who is eternally agonizing over the niggers could be made to wear one of them a straddle of his nose."

This is not exactly what Toombs said, but conveys his idea as well as can be done in print. His actual wish and words were shockingly coarse and irresistably funny.

Toombs' exclamation was received with the usual burst of laughtre.

(To Be Continued in October)

The Watsonian

"Not until tyrants have found a way to kill justice and to chain the thoughts of men will they ever be able to put bad laws where they are safe for the future."—Thos. E. Watson.

Published by

The Tom Watson Book Co., Inc.

Thomson, Georgia

GEORGIA WATSON LEE,
Founder and Associate Editor
WALTER J. BROWN,
Editor and General Manager

SEPTEMBER — 1927

Vol. 1 No. 8

Editorial Notes

* * *

CHOOSE?

"I do not choose to run for President in 1928" were the words typewritten on a small sheet of paper and handed to the press reporters at the Summer White House in the Black Hills of South Dakota. These ten words startled the nation and much has been said in our press as to the true meaning of them.

The President's brief message has been compared by some as equal to Jefferson's famous refusal of a third term; others saying it was an insidious method of straddling the fence but with fond hopes of being drafted by the next Republican Convention.

The President deserves some credit for saying as much as he did but his position can not be compared with Jefferson. Mr. Coolidge is a man of few words but that does not give him an excuse for dodging the issue. In his mind he is either for or against a third term and should have so stated.

* * *

The friends of Dawes, Hoover, Lowden, Hughes, Longworth, and others are grooming their candidates and a merry battle may be expected at the next Republican Convention if Coolidge is not a candidate.

* * *

Out of New York we can only hear "Democrats Only Chance For Victory Is Al Smith", "Gov. Smith Will Enter Convention With Majority In Hand", "Republicans See Hughes As Only Hope Against Smith", and other similar slop. But out of the South we hear a different tune which sounds something like this: "Never will the people of the Southland continue their stand by Jefferson's party when it gets so far away from Jeffersonian

Democracy that it selects as its head a man who is the tool of Tammany Hall, The Trusts, The Liquor Interests, and the Roman Catholic Church".

To think of such an incident makes us quiver but if the worst comes it will not be a revolt but a revolution.

* * *

GENERAL WOOD:

Many a heart was saddened as the news telling of Gen. Leonard Wood's death was flashed over the country. He held the respect of all who knew of him. His treatment at the hand of the Wilson administration was deeply resented.

After a very eventful life in the U. S. Army Gen. Wood in 1917 stood as America's best soldier and the logical one to head our expeditionary forces. He was transferred to the South where his ability as a soldier and his wonderful personality were gaining for him many friends. This did not seem to go well with the Democratic leaders and he was transferred to the West. This to him was convincing proof that he would never join our forces in France—much less head them.

This must have been very hard for the old soldier and it is pathetic to hear some of the veterans relate how tears would come to his eyes as he would tell divisions good bye which he had trained for over sea service yet was not permitted to accompany them.

But without the honors he might have obtained on the battlefield "over there" his life establishes him well in our history.

* * *

FATHER OF TRUSTS:

This honor was bestowed upon Charles R. Flint 84, of New York City, as a wedding present by the New York press after his marriage last month. It seems that our press has great difficulty in properly naming the fathers of certain institutions which are in our midst today. They named as father of R. F. D. a man who helped develop the system after it was originated by Thomas E. Watson. Now they name a man as father of Trusts who just helped develop them.

We see nothing for anyone to gloat over because he is the father of such a damnable organization as the "trusts".

Who is the real father?

The natural evolution of our tariff act which Alexander Hamilton placed on our statute book more than one hundred years ago produced "THE TRUSTS" we have today. Perhaps Mr. Flint was a main factor in this particular evolution which is making paupers out of the ones who produce the wealth, but he is not the father—the father is Alexander Hamilton.

WATSONESQUE:

The Bainbridge (Ga.) Post Searchlight says that "the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph is trying the Watsonesque stunt of fault finding with no remedial legislation."

If the Macon Telegraph finds out that they are following an example of Tom Watson they will immediately change their front. They hate his memory and their convictions are just that deep—to change their front.

The Telegraph need not be worried as their method is not Watsonesque, we assure them.

Let the editor of the Bainbridge paper compare his record in the Georgia Legislature with Mr. Watson's which appeared in the last issue of "The Watsonian". He need not take into consideration Mr. Watson's age then of 22 with his of 40???

Let him review Mr. Watson's record in Congress, both in the Senate and in the House. Let him read his speeches from his boyhood to death and we believe he (the Bainbridge editor) will see that it was not Watson's method to find fault and not offer a remedy.

It is true he fought evil in our state and national government, but principles were drilled into him deeper than any man since Thomas Jefferson, and where principles are the bedrock foundation, remedial legislation will always be forthcoming.

* * *

HENRY FORD:

Whether there is more talk of Henry Ford's new car or his apology to the Jews we do not know.

Whether Mr. Ford was right or wrong in his continued fight for several years against the Jews will always be debated, but when a man fights as hard as Mr. Ford did and then over night reverses his stand he loses the respect of millions of people who swear that their "Ford" was the best car Henry ever built.

And after all of his attacks on the Jewish race we doubt if they (the Jews) hate Ford today half as bad as they do the memory of Tom Watson.

Last fall when driving to the Centennial in Philadelphia we stopped in Baltimore for lunch. On returning to our car we encountered a portly Jew who in a nice manner said "I see by your car that you are from Georgia and no doubt you remember the Leo Frank case". We told him yes and he proceeded. "Did Frank confess before being lynched and was Tom Watson at the head of the mob which did the lynching". What we told him was plenty.

There is no need for a discussion of the Frank case but this incident clearly shows the Jews frame of mind against Mr. Watson relative to this case. Although Mr. Watson fought hard for the conviction of Frank because he felt that he was guilty. He resented the millions that poured into Atlanta in a hope that justice would not triumph. But the thought that Mr. Watson had anything to do with Frank's lynching is ridiculous.

This Baltimore Jew was not interested in what Mr. Watson said in the United States Senate relative to the Jew but deeply interested about the filthy lies that had been printed in the eastern papers relative to Mr. Watson's position during the Frank case.

We quote from the Congressional Record pertaining to the famous Ford-Newberry case when it was before the Senate.

Mr. Watson said:

Henry Ford is a man who brought a libel suit against a certain newspaper in Chicago. He went on the witness stand, was sworn, and examined in his own behalf, and, according to the newspapers, he swore that he did not know how to read. He is as marvelous a witness as he has been a marvelous gatherer of gold. Talk about Golden chariots! The Newberry family could hardly furnish pin money for Henry Ford's family.

Henry Ford is reported to have sworn that he could not read, and yet he is editing a weekly paper devoted to war upon the Jewish race—not upon the criminal Jew, convicted or unconvicted, but upon the whole race—the race that produced Moses, Solomon, David, Rachel, Gambetta, Disraelli, Moses Monteflore, and Jesus Christ. All Christendom rests upon a Book, and that Book is the Book holding the creed of the Jew. Nevertheless, Henry Ford condemns the whole race, forgetting that the soundest principles of democracy and good government and catholic humanity are to be found in the sacred parchments of the Jews, forgeting that the present French Republic was founded by a Jew, and that Jews compose music what will herhaps outlive the Pyramids and every government that now stands upon the globe.

I would wage relentless warfare upon a convicted Jew, and would have him punished for a heinous crime, as the Jewish law itself provides, but I doubt the senatorial fitness of a man who indicts a whole race because of the faults of its black sheep.

ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

CHAPTER VII

The religion founded by the Savior simplicity itself; Where the Roman Catholics derived their complex and elaborate ceremonials; Idol worship; How the priests make Holy water.

In the New Testament, you will find that the religion founded by Christ was simplicity itself. It was informal, inexpensive, devoid of pomp, totally wanting in gorgeous ceremonials. Its rites were few, there was preaching, there was praying, there was singing, there was baptism. There was the open and public confessing of sins, in the midst of the congregation. There was the ordination of the Lord's Supper; and, in the early church, it really was a supper. The Christians met at the usual supper time, and partook of the same kind of repast that our Savior had eaten, the last time He sat with the Twelve. There can be no doubt of the fact that converts were baptized in the rivers, and in the numerous pools that existed throughout Palestine. The bare fact that they resorted to the river and to the pool, is sufficient to my mind to prove that baptism meant immersion. It seems to be manifestly absurd to contend that Christ took the trouble to wade into the River Jordon, if the intention was not to put his person completely beneath the waters. Likewise, it seems to me they would not have gone to the trouble to enter the pools, if baptism was merely to consist of sprinkling the head. If there was nothing more than sprinkling, they would not have sought the river or the pool.

In the primitive Church, whoever was instrumental in gaining a convert to Christ, felt authorized to baptize him. At first there were no houses of worship; the Christians met in the open, and it would seem that night was the time they preferred. One reason for this was their desire to escape persecution. In Rome, especially, there were no churches, and no meetings of the congregations in the daytime.

We do not find in the New Testament the slightest authority for the tithing system, nor for the assessed and the fixed salary. The pastor depended upon the voluntary contributions of the flock; and Paul is about the only one of the early workers who appears to have made the question of his compensation an issue between himself and his churches.

Now, bear in mind that the New Testament, the infallible test,

proves that there were no other observances than those already mentioned. It cannot be too often repeated that preaching, praying, baptism, congregational confession, and the celebration of the Last Supper, were absolutely all of the rites of the primitive church. The practices of the early Christians were about the same as those of John Wesley and his immediate disciples; though I am quite sure the early Christians and Christ himself were immersed.

From whence then did the Catholics derive their complex and elaborate ceremonials? From the Roman pagans, chiefly. One of the most astonishing violations of the plain mandates of Holy Writ is, the survival of the pagan worship of images. In the olden times the pagan made his image, then knelt before it, adored it, wreathed it with flowers, offered incense to it, lighted tapers before it, carried it in processions through the streets, and made pilgrimages to its shrine, just as the Roman Catholics are now doing throughout the world. No such heathenish performance,, debasing and disgraceful, was known to the early Christian church. The Bible not only commands us not to worship such images, but forbids us to make them, or to bow down to them. The Romanists make them, and bow down to them.

The tutelary image of the Italian city, is nothing in the world but an imitation of the Trojan palladium. This was a wooden statue, three cubits long, which the priests of Troy claimed—and the vulgar pretended to believe—fell from Heaven. When the Greeks, after the ten years' siege, captured and sacked the city, they carried home with them, as a part of their spoils, the palladium which the Trojan priests had vouched for as a gift from Heaven. The superstition struck root in almost every city of Greece; and the gods were so accommodating, that every Grecian town received a statue directly from on High. As you will remember, Paul had a lot of trouble with one of these statues, at Ephesus. It was the statue of Diana. and it came as directly from Heaven as any of the others did.

One of the most powerful leverages of the Roman Hierarchy is the statue which does miraculous things. To all appearances, it is made of marble, and has no human feeling; yet, upon occasion, it sweats, or it bleeds, or it weeps. When this miracle becomes evident to the European peasant, he falls upon his knees in a convulsion of reverence—and the priest has great difficulty in keeping his face straight. Indeed, there are times when the irreverent observer can see and hear the levity with which the conductors of the pious show contemn the credulity of their slaves.

When the French invaded Italy, in 1798, they exposed to the peasants the very human way in which the stone Virgin was made to weep. (Glass beads, worked from within, and passed beneath the marble eyes). But the exposure was soon forgotten, and the superstition remained.

Those who are at all familiar with history will recall that the Grecian statues had the habit of sweating, before a great event occured They all broke out in a profuse perspiration just before the battle of Choeronea. From the Grecian images, the Roman statues copied the habit of sweating, on momentous occasions. You will find that Juno's statue at Veii, when asked if she would consent to go to Rome, assented with a courteous bow. It appears it was never necessary to make another, and she did not do so. Just before the battle of Actium, the statue of Anthony bled copiously, as all the world knows. There were other statues that cured diseases.

Devout kisses were implanted on these images by the pagans; and not only did the Druids kiss the t e of the High Priest, a thousand years before Christ, but the Roman pagans borrowed it from the Greeks, who had borrowed it from the Assyrians. This worship with the lips is seen in the Mohammedan, who kisses the Holy Stone at Mecca; and it goes back to the worship of Baal, whose priests kissed their idols with great fervor and regularity.

Cicero tells us there was an image of Hercules at Agrigentum, whose chin was worn by the kissing of the faithful worshippers of this god of strength.

At Rome, the travellor is shown what is said to be a statue of Peter: the big toe is much worn by centuries of kissing; but the lower half of this renowned piece of statuary is the Roman embodiment of their god, Jupiter; and the Christian lips which now reverently embrace that old toe, are merely continuing the practice of the Roman pagans who had been kissing it hundreds of years before Christ was born.

But do the Romanists actually worship their images? Ever since the Council of Nice, (year 787) images have been adored. It was, however, the Council of Trent which commanded this form of idolatry. Here is the passage:

"The images of Christ, of the Virgin Mary, and of other saints, shall be had, consecrated, retained, and duly worshipped, by kissing them, and with uncovered head, bowing down before them, and their relics."

Jehovah says:

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. * * * * Thou shalt not bow thyself to them," &c.

The Second Commandment is palpably violated by the orders issued by the Council of Trent, and the Romanists have been driven to the sacrilege of multilating that portion of the Bible. In their books of teaching, the Scriptural ban on images does not appear. Unless a Roman Catholic reads the Bible, or some other prohibited book, he never knows that his bowing to his dolls, statuettes, crucifixes, Madonnas, &c., is the heathen practice aimed at in the Ten Commandments.

The Church through her Council made it a duty for her members to bow down, with bared heads, and worship the images. Is that command obeyed?

All of us agree that when Grecks and Romans knelt to their images of their gods, it was idolatry. To kneel to the statue of Diana, to that of Venus, to that of Jupiter, to that of Minerva, was idolatrous. It was paganism, pantheism, superstition. But when we see the Romanists pay their devotions to a statue, we are asked to not confound their image-worship with that of the Grecks and Romans.

Bishop Stillingfleet says: "I have now before me the reformed office of the blessed Virgin, printed at Salamanca, published by order of Pius V., where the second command is left out; it was so in the English office at Antwerp in 1658."

Prior to the Reformation, all the manuals of the Roman Church omitted the command as to the images. None of them now contain it.

What do you suppose they allege in defense of their mutilation of the Bible? They say that the first commandment covers the whole ground, and that the second is unnecessary!

Could brazen hypocrisy be more impious?

The Ava Creli church at Rome contains a wooden doll about two feet long, called Bambino—Italian for The Child. This image represents the infant Christ. Dr. Murray describes the manner in which the priests use the doll:

"I entered the little chapel where this image is kept in state, just in time to see his little reverence go thorugh a healing process.

"There , kneeling before the altar, were three poor women, with a sick child. The priest who acted in the affair was going through some ceremony before the altar. Soon he turned to the right, with

a solemnity which, because feigned, was laughable. He prayed over it, the doll; and then taking it into his hands as if unworthy to touch it, placed it, upright upon the altar. Here he prayed over it, again. He then took it in his hands, and touched the head of the sick child with the toe of the image. He then put the toe to the lips of the child, who was made to kiss it. And then the women, who were all the time on their knees, kissed the foot of the image.

"Bambino was then put back in his cradle, and the women withdrew."

Did pagan idolatry ever present a more revolting scene that that?

From "Romanism in Its Home," by Rev. Dr. John H. Eager, (1894) I quote, page 32:

"On the tops of these mountains" (in Italy) "I have seen as genuine paganism as can be found in the darkest corner of China. The people are taught, and many of them believe, that here are images endowed with divine attributes, crosses that speak, relics that work wonderful miracles, and dead saints whose bones contain mysterious medical virtue.

"In China an important part of the worship is the burning of incense in the temples and before idols. The same is true in Italy."

"In China, religious worship is individual rather than congregational. The temples are open every day, and the people are constantly coming and going, not to receive religious instruction, or to unite in public, social worship, but each to perform some individual act or ceremony. The custom is very similar in Italy.

"In China lights are kept burning before idols. No one can visit Italy without being struck by this feature of Romanism. Images abound everywhere—in the churches, in private houses, in shops and other places of business, on the street corners and by the roadside. Before most of these images, lights are burning night and day.

"In China it is the custom to deify certain men who have performed some great deed; statues are erected to their memory, and they are worshipped by the people.

"In Italy men are solemnly canonized by the Pope, and thus placed in the catalogue of Saints. The churches are full of the images of these saints, and prayers are offered to them daily."

The Persians, from time immemorial, practised infant baptism. From them the Catholic priest borrowed the font, and the signing of the child's brow with the cross.

The throwing of three handsful of earth on the coffin, or on the grave, and saying "dust to dust" was the custom of the ancient Egyptians, from whom the Romanists borrowed it.

The early fathers of the Church regarded the burning of incense with horror; and some of them suffered martyrdom, rather than handle it. The custom is of oriental and pagan origin.

The use of holy water is purely pagan; and the pagan aspersorium is exactly the same kind of vessel as the Catholic churches use; and is occupies, in the Catholic Church, the same position which it occupied in the pagan temple.

Do you happen to know how the Catholic priest makes holy water? It is enough to make a sane man wonder whether he is dreaming or not, when he sees so many intelligent men and women pretending to believe in this monstrous superstition of holy water.

The priest bends over the vessel which contains the water, mutters some cabalistic words (in Latin, of course)' traces the sign of the cross with his finger on the face of the water, three times, puts his lips to it, saying: "Receive thou the Holy Spirit"—making it "blubber" with his breath—makes other motions with his hands over it, pours oil into it, in the form of a cross; also another liquid, in the same form: then holding both vessels in his right hand, he pours the uniting liquids into the tub, in the same cross-like form; sprinkles a white powder into it, and in the end, pronounces it holy, after having washed his hands in it.

SHAMEFUL NATIONAL FINANCE

By THOS. E. WATSON

(Reprinted from Watson's Magazine 1907)

In Great Britain, a short time ago, the national treasury found itself in possession of about thirty million dollars, over and above running expenses. In other words, the Government had a **surplus** on its hands.

What was done with it?

Every dollar of it was paid out on the national debt. Thus the burdens of the English people were reduced. The surplus came from all the people, in the way of taxes collected. The money went back to all the people, in the way of paying the debt which the people, as a whole, owed to the creditor class.

That disposition of the Surplus was sensible, but not remarkably so. When an individual citizen is in debt and is paying interest, he generally feels like discharging the obligation and relieving himself of the burden. If he is a man of ordinary self-respect and prudence, he wants to free himself of bondage to those who hold the claims against him. Therefore, if he is honest as well as prudent, he will apply the first surplus money that he gets his hands on to the payment of his debts.

Among right thinking people, there are few terms of reproach which imply a more discreditable record than the saying, **"He is a man that won't pay his debts."**

The disgrace commences when, the debt being a just obligation, the man who owes it has the money to pay it, and then refuses to do so.

Nations are but collections of individuals, and the same rules of common sense, common honesty, and common justice which apply to the individual citizen should apply to the nation. When a nation **can** pay out of debt, **the failure to do so is a national disgrace.**

Grat Britain's huge debt grew mainly out of the wars waged by the English aristocracy against the democratic movement of revolutionary France. All the long, bloody, expensive struggles to compass the overthrow of Napoleon had their secret motive in the settled purpose of Kings and aristocracies to check the progress of **"the Principles of the French Revolution."**

Those dreaded principles were substantially the democracy for which George Mason and Thomas Jefferson stood.

Burdened with the tremendous debt, the English pay it off as fast as they can. It is not often that they have a surplus but, when they do have one, it gives them no embarrassment whatever. To reduce the debt with it is such a logical, common sense proposition, that it is adopted as a matter of course.

How differently we do things!

When we have a Surplus, we give it to the National Bankers, and allow the public debt to run on.

When Mr. Cleveland was President, it is true, the surplus was applied to the bonds. But the bonds were not due, and the world was amazed to see the Democratic President make a gift of sixty million dollars, in premiums, for the privilege of paying 4 per cent bonds that were not due.

The money should have been disposed of in one of three ways: It should have returned to the people, as the surplus was returned in the days of President Andrew Jackson; or it should have been loaned out at interest until the bonds fell due; or it should have been used to buy the controlling interest in trunkline railroads.

Congress could just as easily have authorized either of these statesmanlike methods of getting rid of the surplus as it did authorize that gift of $60,000,000 to the bondholders.

But if the Democratic President, Cleveland, was most unwise, unjust and undemocratic in making a donation of huge premiums to the favored few, when he took the surplus into the market and bought bonds that were not due, what shall we say of the Republican President, Roosevelt?

The disposition which is now being made of the Surplus is the most shameful misuse of public money that has ever been known in the history of our Government.

Year in and year out, the National Banks keep and use an average of more than one hundred and fifty million dollars of the people's money. For the use of this they pay no interest at all. The Government simply taxes this enormous surplus out of the pockets of the tax-paying masses and makes a gift of it to a non-tax-paying class!

The National Banks, practically, pay no national taxes whatever; yet the money of those who do pay the taxes is taken out of the treasury to the extent of $150,000,000 and given in perpetual use, free of charge, to these pampered pets of the Government.

Can there be any law for taxing 85,000,000 people for the benefit of 5,000 national bankers?

The question answers itself. Yet that is just what the Democrats, under Mr. Cleveland, did on a small scale, and what the Republicans, under Mr. Roosevelt, are doing on a large one. Cleveland gave the pet banks, constantly, some forty million dollars: Roosevelt has simply increased the donation.

But the ugly feature of the Roosevelt system of favoritism is this: Bonds are now falling due, and we have the money to pay these debts, but in spite of that fact he proposes to renew the note (refund the bonds) and let the debt run on at interest, instead of taking a portion of that $171,000,000 which the pet banks are using and paying off the debt with it.

Thus the people will be burdened for another term of years with an interest-bearing debt, while a few pet banks continue to use, without interest, a huge surplus, **part of which would pay off the maturing notes.**

It is a shame!

The maturing debt amounts to $110,000,000: the rate of interest is 4 per cent: Mr. Cortelyou proposes to pay half of this **and renew the balance for thirty years!**

Thus he will burden another generation with an interest bearing indebtedness when he has surplus money lying in bank, drawing no interest, and more than sufficient to pay the whole debt.

A private citizen who managed his business in that way would be clapped into a lunatic asylum.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

A CONFEDERATE VETERAN:

Dear Miss Georgia:

You can not imagine how glad I was when I received your card. I have been wishing sometime for some one to take Hon. T. E. W's. place and expose Gov. Smith's false statement.

Now listen I fell in love with T. E. W. when I read what he intended to do. I said to myself, old man you are going to be left. I was just certain in my mind that he would be left out in the cold.

I am a old **Confederate Veteran,** 83½ years young, had a great many ups and downs; it appears like more downs than ups.

The masses of the people will laud you to the skies today and will mob you tomorrow, therefore, you need not expect nothing but criticism.

Now wishing you all the success that anyone could wish for one in the persuit of an arduous undertaking is the wish of your most obedient and humble servant.

—Eli Davis.

Alvaton, Ga.

Ed. Note—God bless these old men of Gray, we love them all. There seems to be something deeper in our hearts than love for the writer of this letter.

* * * * *

CONCERNING AL SMITH:

Dear Editor:

As I see the political situation as it now stands: If the American people don't realize the danger of Al Smith's candidacy and if he is nominated at the Democratic convention in 1928 he will be elected if the South votes the Democratic ticket like she has been doing since since the Civil War.

I think it would be a good plan if possible to arouse the Patriotic Americans to political action and whip Smith in the national convention and nominate a genuine American from the central West. If the American people dont want a tool of Rome in the White House and if Al Smith should be nominated I would be in favor of a third party and beat him in the electoral college.

Yours very truly,

E. B. BETTS.

Washington, D. C.

Ed. Note—Smith is not favored by one fourth of the people in the South. The danger lies as Mr. Betts says in the Convention. Should Smith get the nomination the frame of the average voter's mind in the South would be this: I will not vote for Smith because he is a catholic and and a wet and I can not vote a Republican ticket, therefore, I will not vote at all. Consequently, the Catholic and Wet Vote in the South will be a majority and give him the electoral vote. Yes the time to do the fighting is when we choose our favorite son. Make the delegation pledge not to cast their vote for Smith or any other similar candidate under no condition.

* * * * *

NO SUCH AMERICAN

The Watsonian,
Thomson, Georgia.

Dear Editor:

Enclosed find card sent me and the dollar as I hope at some time to see and own all of the Hon. Thos. E. Watson's writings. When life passed out

of him, we had left in America no such American.

I do not expect The Watsonian to be equal to his writings for we have none left.

Many policies he desired I differed with him, but, felt his greatness.

Respectfully,
JAMES PATTERSON.

Cooper, Texas.

Ed Note—It is our policy to republish Mr. Watson's writings in such a manner that they will be of interest to the current reader. The Watsonian will contain principally his writings and not ours.

* * * * *

"KEEP THE RUDDER TRUE" T. E. W.

The Tom Watson Book Co.,
Thomson, Ga.

The Watsonian:

Received the April number today. What I have seen of it I like it very much. The letter of Ruth Campbell is alone worth the price.

It was too bad that Senator Tom Watson had to die when his country needed him so badly. He ought to be alive today. I was an admirer of Tom Watson and believed every word he said, because I knew he was telling the truth. No one could make him retract what he ever wrote or said.

Wishing you ever success in your undertaking, I remain ever true to the cause of Protestantism.

FLEETWOOD SAMMIS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * * * *

STANDING FOR THE RIGHT

The Watsonian,
Thomson, Georgia.

Dear Editor:

I am enclosing $1.00 for your magazine. I want to be found standing for the right always.

Hoping you may obtain great success I remain,

Yours respectfully,
L. R. SAMS

Tipton, Oklahoma.

* * * * *

GREAT ADMIRER

Dear Friends:

I was always a great admirer of Mr. Watson and a personal friend.

Here's hoping you much success and that your magazine will oppose Al Smith for President of the good old U. S. A.

Yours respectfully,
W. M. HILL

West Palm Beach, Fla.

The Cream of Mr. Watson's Miscellaneous Writings Covering a Period of 30 Years

ALTOGETHER APART FROM HIS POLITICAL ECONOMIC AND HISTORICAL WORK

They reflect the rare, occasional mood of the man of ideals, of hopes and dreams, of love and sorrow, of solitary reflection, and of glimpses of the inner self. We call the volume

PROSE MISCELLANIES

4th EDITION

Our new editions are directed by the wishes of our customers. From all indications this is the next book desired. Upon receipt of a few more requests for "Prose Miscellanies" we will go to press immediately.

PLACE YOUR ORDER TODAY for these 130 pages containing 28 fugitive pieces by Mr. Watson, printed on excellent paper and bound with a beautiful Onyx cover. Price one dollar ($1.00).

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON BELOW

The Tom Watson Book Company,
Thomson, Georgia.

Book me for one copy of Watson's "Prose Miscellanies". Upon receipt of same I will mail to you $1.00 as full payment.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

Senator Watson, like all great authors, soared aloft, unfettered, into the higher and purer air, and saw visions not seen by the great mass of humanity. He wrote vividly what he saw. Those reading his masterful works see the pictures which he has drawn and marvel at the almost superhuman knowledge and vision of the artist who drew them. His record was one of the very greatest historians of all time. As a literary genius he ranks with the most noted. As an orator he thrilled his hearers with an eloquence which was sublime. He is physically dead, but his works and his life are a part of that which is immortal.

He had lived, loved, and wrote in the purest and highest estates of thought which touch the mystic realms of the great unknown. It was a beautiful peaceful night when the earth is closest to heaven. In the silent hush which comes just before the dawn he reached out and grasped the hand of the Father and stepped across the narrow chasm which divides life from eternity, and heard from the Father of us all the plaudit —

> Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter
> thou into the joys of thy Lord.

—From House Memorial Services to Thos. E. Watson

Representative Lankford of Georgia.